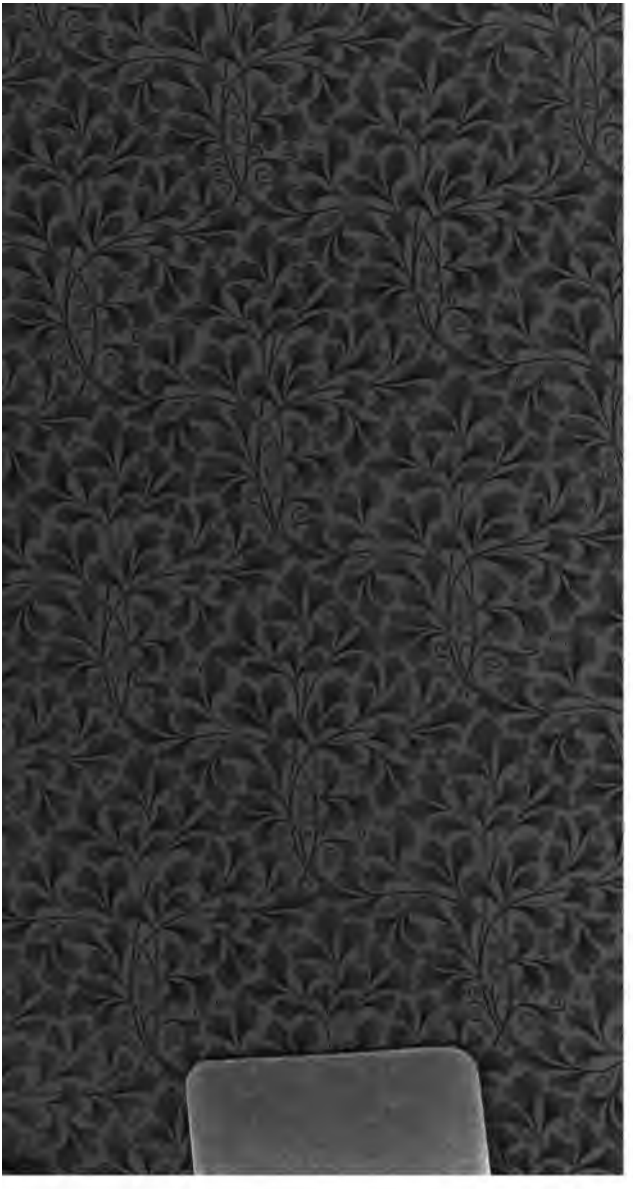

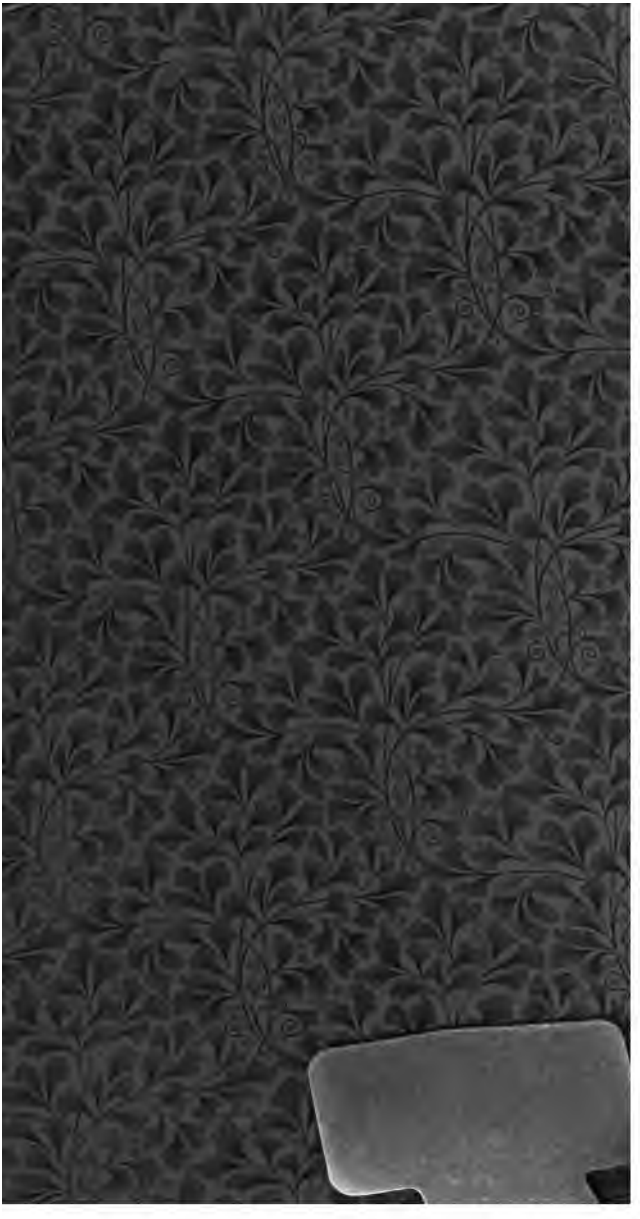

LYRICS AND ELEGIES

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BY

CHARLES NEWTON SCOTT

AUTHOR OF

'THE FOREGLEAMS OF CHRISTIANITY'

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TO

HAMILTON AÏDÉ

AS A HUMBLE TOKEN

OF

GRATITUDE, ADMIRATION, AND RESPECT

CONTENTS.

LAYS OF THE MONTHS.

IN OCTOBER.

FRESHNESS of Autumn and of dewy grass!
The earthy scent of leaves new-fallen! again
I greet you; and my soul is far away,
Far in the haunts of years—long years—ago.
Again an echo of my rustling feet
Returns to me from other leaf-strewn paths
Than these I follow, and from other glades
The old familiar fragrance of the morn.
Sweet Autumn! Oh! what magic lurks within
Thy early stillness, in the first slant ray
That woos thy morning mist, dissolving all
Its wreaths in splendour, when on every bush
The diamonds sparkle in thy gossamer webs!
Sweet Autumn, great enchantress, who hast clothed
In sunset-hued apparel the decay

Of foliage and fruit! 'tis thine alone
To whisper in my inmost soul:—that Death
Is but a phantom, and that all things pure
Have drawn an everlasting life from God;
That winter winds may howl, and widely hurl
Destruction on the mellow woods, or sweep
Away men's souls;—but nought has perished, nor
Can perish, lastingly: we shall behold
Anew the very leaves and flowers, each face
And form that we have loved, and hear anew
The voices of our long lost friends. And more!—
That not a passing melody, nor bard's
Unwritten lay, nor unrecorded speech
Of patriot trumpet-mouthed, but will again
Be listened to in joy. Nay, there are deeds
Of heavenly love, which bind the very saints
Of God to homes, they hallowed, once, on earth.

IN NOVEMBER.

ON ALL SOULS' DAY.

AGAIN that wild November wind, that wails,
And chants prophetic of another year
Drawing to its close !
Ye hearken ! how it swells until it quails
And sinks so plaintively, to surge more drear,
In fitful throes !

My friends ! ye say, that from the woodland steep
Athwart its branches now despoiled and bare,
Hear ye alone
The passing of that strange Æolian sweep,
That 'tis but anguish of the tortured air,
That piercing moan.

The curtains drawn, ye deem that I behold
No more the leaves all shrivelled up and sere
    Scattered about.
Poor leaves ! I saw the virgin Spring unfold
Their tenderest verdure. Oh, my friends ! ye hear
    But from without,

And I from far within my soul those wails,
That chant, prophetic of another year
    Drawing to its close.
'Tis *there* the wild wind swells until it quails
And sinks so plaintively, to surge more drear,
    In fitful throes.

While far within me I can still behold
The fallen leaves all shrivelled up and sere
    Scattered about,
The same that knew the virgin Spring unfold
Their tenderest verdure ; and alas ! I fear,
    For me there is no shutting out.

IN MARCH.

WHEN all the sky is low and grey,
And, bowing each black tree, the gale
Of early March a mournful lay
Sonorous sweeps o'er hill and dale,
Oh, Cuckoo ! what brings back to me
Thy voice, I long to hail ?

When meadow grass is drenched, and bare
Of floweret o'er its samely green,
And rooks the only birds that care
To cross and dot the cloudy scene,
Oh, Cuckoo ! what brings back to me
The days that once have been ?

For when my eyes are dim, and fleet
The visions of the past rush by,
So sweetly sad and sadly sweet
That tears upwell, and faint I sigh,
Oh, Cuckoo ! they bring back to me
Thy clear note from the sky.

I see then, as with spirit-view,
The tender green about to cleave
The swollen buds ; already blue
And gold the dewy sward inweave.
Dear Cuckoo ! sing again, ah me !
To make my heart upheave.

IN APRIL.

IN THE FLOWER-MARKET.

MY beauties of the early Spring !
How I rejoice to see
Your glad array ! Again you bring
A message sweet to me,

A message from the glades I love :
You bid me haste and go
To greet each sprouting branch above,
Each mossy trunk below ;

To seek the fragrant dells and banks,
Where Winter's spoil yet lies,
But nourishing the green-leaved ranks
That April bids arise.

For out they've sprung, my darlings all :
  The hyacinth so blue,
The frail wind-flower, wake-robins tall,
  The cowslip's golden hue,

With violet and daffodil
  And all the blithesome train,
In grove, on mead, by sparkling rill,
  That herald Spring again.

I've heard you, O my beauties gay !
  And hurry to depart
From smoky town, and bear away
  Your message in my heart

IN MAY.

CONVALLARIA MAJALIS.

THERE is a little wildling flower
That all men love ; and poets say
That blessèd is the April shower,
And blessèd e'en the March wind's stour,
If only we behold in May
The lily of the valley.

And, when the first entrancing hour
Of Spring hath bidden us haste away
From home the leafing woods to scour,
It is that little wildling flower
That yields the sweetest smile of May,
The lily of the valley.

Oh ! tell me : whence that subtle power,
Which conjures up from far away
Our former Springs, their happiest hour,
Behold we but one tiny flower ?—
God's blessing on thee, pearl of May !
Sweet lily of the valley !

IN JUNE.

OH ! what is a-weaving my soul in play,
What now would it seek to entwine ?
'Tis weaving me garlands of roses gay,
To link other hearts with mine,
With mine, with mine ;
To link other hearts with mine.

Have done with thy garlands of roses gay,
For hearts with each other to bind ;
The flowers will fall on some wintry day,
But thorns will remain behind,
Behind, behind ;
But thorns will remain behind.

The garlands are fair, and I'd grieve to part
With roses in goodly array.
But terrible smart is a thorn in the heart,
That never will pass away,
    Away, away ;
That never will pass away.

ECHOES OF HELLAS.

CYNTHIA.

O CYNTHIA, Queen! in thy beauty arise!
The sun hath departed in state;
And my wondering eyes on the violet skies
Are fixed, and thy coming await.

As in heaven above and in hades below,
So on earth thou hast ever a throne,
With a quiver and bow; and all waters upflow
From the springs of the forest, thine own.

Thou steppest adown from thy luminous car
On the heights of Lycæus at morn,
Where the Oreads are, who re-echo afar
The notes of thy silvery horn.

But woe to the mortal who dareth to near
At noontide thy bathing retreat.
Let him tremble with fear, should thy sylvanly gear
Have fallen as a cloud to thy feet.

For on earth thou art ever a maiden, and cold
As thy sister the blue-eyed and grave ;
And our fathers have told of Actæon the bold,
Whose crime no compassion forgave.

But from heaven how tender and soft is thy gaze,
Thy beaming that all may enjoy !
While thy suppliants raise a loud pæan in praise
Of the beautiful Latmian boy.

Then, doffing thy nebulous mantle, appear
Resplendent, thou queen of the night !
And hasten to cheer, who thy beauty revere ;
Oh, bathe them in loveliest light !

HESTIA PATROA.[1]

Ἱστίη εὐδυνάτοιο Κρόνου θύγατερ βασίλεια,
ἣ μέσον οἶκον ἔχεις πυρὸς ἀενάοιο μεγίστου,
τούσδε σὺ ἐν τελεταῖς ὁσίους μύστας ἀναδείξαις,
θεῖσ' αἰειθαλέας, πολυόλβους, εὔφρονας, ἁγνούς.
Orphica, lxxxiv.

VIRGIN, our own, who, graciously abiding
Within these ancient walls, art ever near
And steadfast mightily to save or cheer
All generations of a house confiding
In thine eternal presence here!

With hooded brows and garments white, lustrated
Slowly and silently we gather round
The cherished hearth; we stand on holy ground,
And in our midst the father venerated,
Whose orisons alone resound.

[1] On the domestic, as well as the civic cultus of Vesta, connected with that of ancestors, v. *La Cité antique*, by M. Fustel de Coulanges.

And gladly thou receivest his libation
  Of heart-renewing wine, with flambent oil,
  The fragrant herbs and firstfruits of our soil.
Behold! thou leapest high in exultation,
  With many a scintillating coil.

Oh! live we alway but to do thy pleasure,
  Who deignest with thy suppliants to share
  Their every joy or sadness, hope or care!
Home have we none without thee, ay, nor treasure
  With thy sweet presence to compare.

Nor may we from thy mysteries dissever
  The memory and worship, that we owe
  To our divine forefathers; for below
The soil, they hallowed to thy name for ever,
  Its wealth they bounteously bestow.

And while our solemn gifts thou art consuming,
  We're overcome by fear; nor, trembling, dare

To raise our eyes ; for hovering in the air
A ghostly troop surrounds the altar fuming,
Our sacred offerings to share.

Thou radiant one and vigilant, abhorring
All guilt and evil, suffering naught unclean !
Oh, make us wise and flourishing, serene,
And pure as thou art pure ; for, thus adoring,
No suppliant vainly on thy help will lean.

ANGELS OF THE EARTH-MOTHER.

MY little snowdrops, ye who fresh and fair
Spring from the black decaying leaves, the soil's
Ascetic garb in cold and bitter time!
Ah me! would God that I, cowering before
The stinging blast of winter in my soul,
That I, a homeless wanderer, might take
Sweet solace and an augury of peace
From you, my darlings, white-clad messengers
From her, the old Earth-mother, oracle
Of gods and men, from her with icy hand
To clutch back all her children to her lap,
But rich with inner fire to quicken all
Again, returning them to the dear light,

The dear sweet sunlight. Oh, my mother Earth !
Befriend me ; for I cast me down and kiss
Thy frozen brow, and pour with unfeigned lips
Into thy bosom this my prayer : that I
May treasure in my heart, my inmost heart,
The golden wisdom, which the high gods wrest
From thy dark depths for mortals' need. Be mine
To tread the sacred Eleusinian road,
The sage's pilgrimage through death to life.

HISTORICAL.

THE DESTROYERS.

I

APOLLYON! thou enemy accurst
Of God and His creation, ay, of all
That once He had pronouncèd *good*, when first
It sprang into existence at His call!
Thy stature, so Titanically tall,
To Heaven's boundary from lowest Hell
Can stretch; thy wings the breadth of space appal.
And yet thou glidest into tiniest cell,
To lurk within our hearts, and there unseen to dwell.

II

Thou reignest; and thine empire vast extends
O'er every earthly kingdom, and indeed
Unto their glory. Who can say where ends
Thy power, what too great or small to need

No help against thine all-devouring greed?
Our souls of origin divine anew
Are fashionèd by thee, and hence proceed
To act in miniature the part whereto
Alone a demon of Abaddon can be true.

III

Our spirits own a double parentage:
As sons of the great Demiurge we strive
To carry on His work, and every age
Has seen how wondrously our hands contrive
To variegate harmonic forms, alive
With human passion or celestial fire,
Whence noblest of our thoughts we may derive,
And kindling in pure hearts the pure desire,
That, as an incense cloud, ascends from sacred pyre.

IV

Thus many are called to labour for all time,
For every unborn generation's view;

But what avail their efforts most sublime,
If wantonly or maddened we undo
Their fairest work? The great Destroyer too
Has breathed into our frames. The tender boy
Or girl, with eyes so innocently blue,
Will mangle bird or butterfly in joy;
And sweetest flower that blows will infant hands
destroy.

V

And thou, proud potentate! who tramplest down,
In view of some ephemeral design,
A nation, whose high mission was to crown
The world with art or poetry divine,
Or memory of a glorious past to shrine
In ritual and pageants grandiose,
A lamp for all humanity to shine!
Remember, thou art numbered with God's foes;
God's angel will in thee Apollyon disclose.

VI

So let me with the Man of Sorrows weep
Over that fair Jerusalem, His own,
Whither the Roman eagles were to sweep,
And leave upon another not one stone ;
Nor Sion's lost magnificence alone,
But devastated beauty everywhere,
All worth unrecognised with Him bemoan.
To dream of future innocence beware !
While teachings of the past awaken but despair.

VII

Ah ! bitter for our souls to meditate
On the vast edifice we *might* have seen,
Colossal, splendid, wondrously ornate
Erected from the treasures that have been,—
Amassed by divers nations ; where the Queen
Of all philosophies and creeds might throne
On all their symbolism, now made clean
By her illuminating beams alone,
Who claimeth every truth and beauty as her own.

VIII

How deeply then should noble minds deplore
The days, when frenzied mobs in triumph went
To pillage shrines most hallowed, whence they tore
The sacred images of gold ; who rent
The marble walls of fane and monument,
And impiously took Christ's all holy name
To cover their ill deeds ; whose mad intent
Was to outdo the Vandal's withering flame.
O victory of the Cross, how sullied by their shame !

IX

Or when the tyrant reared in barbarous Thrace,
Base Theodora's spouse, had thundered down
His fell decree on Athens to efface
The brightest vestige of her past renown,
And plucked from out her fading violet crown
The last, though choicest flowers yet alive,
Still lingering in gardens of the town,
That had beheld all great ideas thrive,
Of sweet philosophy the most industrious hive.

X

Nay, wonder not that bitterly was spurned
The saving Cross by thousands of the best
And noblest citizens ; that deeply burned
A righteous indignation in the breast
Of austere Julian, who manifest
As emperor august, high-priest and sage,
Did battle for the grand old gods, confessed
By Rome and Hellas in their golden age,
By many a hero's life and poet's shining page.

XI

Thus Proclus, universal hierophant,
Who knew all mysteries that symbols hide ;
And Porphyry, whose thirsting soul would pant
For streams, to all but Seraphim denied ;
The maiden too, who Cyril's wrath defied,
And martyred by the same vile populace,
That howled so wolfishly for blood, when died
In torments Catherine with queenly grace,
Sweet saint whom angel hands bore to her resting place.

XII

They lived too late, those few autumnal flowers,
That bloomed in Europe, when the winter blast
Of barbarism made havoc in the bowers,
Which gods had haunted in the vernal past.
The leaves had fallen, when the land aghast
Was buried in the drifts of Borean snow.
Its very life away seemed ebbing fast,
While to the clouded skies the cry of woe
Was raised : 'Departed is the Lord from earth below.'

XIII

But dead was not our Europe, if asleep.
The Gospel seed had not been sowed in vain,
And even from the blighting snow will peep
The tiny heads of flowerets out again.
Then knew each robber king and savage thane,
That rising was an empire strong and great
To burst all bonds in sunder, and the reign
Of studious piety to reinstate,
Founded upon the rock defying Hades' gate.

XIV

Then were innumerable cloisters raised,
Surmounted with the Cross, that scattered wide
A lustre in the gloom around ; and gazed
The tribes in awe on altars sanctified
By holy relics, where they found supplied
To all who hungered life-renewing bread,
The precious body of the Crucified.
There queenly Learning, long accounted dead,
Arose in all her beauty, and Art her radiance shed.

XV

O Mother Church ! thy name be ever blessed ;
To thee alone, to thy sole fostering care
Its new birth owed the desolated West ;
It owes thee everything ; and if more fair
Or rich than others smiles a region, there
Be sure to find some memory or name
Of mitred abbot or a prelate's chair.
The Orphic lyre was in thy hand to tame
The hearts of savage men, God's kingdom to proclaim.

XVI

But see ! the archfiend was at work again ;
For 'darkness comprehended not the light.'
The world was up in arms against the reign
Of priests contending to uphold the right.
So earthly kings enraged stood up to fight,
And counsel took together against the Lord ;
And lo ! His dear-bought Spouse was in the might
Of ruthless Hohenstaufens, and their sword
Compelled into her hand, for deeds that she abhorred.

XVII

Oft in captivity, its shame to bear
As long afore in Babylon, she lay,
Whom princes from each other strove to tear,
Disputing her like vultures o'er their prey.
But flew two mighty angels to the fray,
Stern Dominic, and Francis the divine.
Then deep resolved her enemies to slay,
Whom they had sought so vainly to confine,
Whose holiness to soil, whose fame to undermine.

XVIII

And their own bigotry and blinding hate
They cast on her, who widely openèd
Her arms to all things beautifully great;
Who woke the spirits of the mighty dead,
Of sages, seers and poets, called to spread
Or first receive, in every age or clime,
The beams of heavenly truth, not vainly shed;
Who blended in one harmony sublime
Stray notes from angel-harps dispersed in olden time;

XIX

Who bade the subtle Stagyrite guide the pen
Of Scotus and Aquinas; Plato teach
All mysteries divine, revealed to men;
And Socrates, whose sight had power to reach
The Christ-ideal, learn with Christ to preach;
For whom were chanted in prophetic strain
The Orphic hymn, the Sybil's golden speech.
Rome heard once more Apollo's glad refrain,
And welcomed to their home her old loved gods again.

XX

For ever has it passed, that age so fair,
Which gave to Italy her glorious Four,
And culminated, when on Peter's chair
It raised a Medici. Alas! in store
Were evil days for sage Ficino's lore
And Raphael's posterity. The bright,
Rich garden, planted once upon the shore
Of Life's pure river, charms no more our sight;
A baleful wind hath blown, and stricken it with blight.

XXI

From out the Church e'en was that spirit cast,
Which wrought her grand art-miracles of old.
The very works are disappearing fast;
For waves of dire fanaticism have rolled,
First Huguenot, then Jacobin, that cold
And colourless have left to their decay
The desecrated shrines, whence graven gold
And precious marbles have been torn away,
The toil of centuries, thus perished in a day.

XXII

But even had been spared the voided shells,
Or mere external splendour of the days,
When heavenly beams illumed monastic cells,
How melancholy still alone to gaze
On caskets fair, wherein no jewels blaze!
Ye saintly ones, crown-jewels of our King!
Your homes, once jubilant with hymns of praise,
With barrack shouts and blasphemy now ring,
Or, more degraded still, with drunken revelling.

XXIII

But be not overjoyed, if blinded zeal,
For all its fury, now be passed away;
The Beautiful has less, far less, appeal
To viler passions, that alone have sway
In present times. Ah! bootless to inveigh
With bitterness against the ignoble greed,
That nought perceives in all the world but prey,
Or provender for swinish mouths to feed,
Accounting the Sublime but as a noxious weed.

XXIV

How long, Lord ! oh, how long will it prevail—
This iron age, without a soul to spare
The grandest mountain scenery or vale
Most Eden-like, that steel and blasting tear ;
Our forests, laid by wanton lordlings bare,
To furnish means for wagering or feast ;
Our monuments, most ancient and most rare ?
Nay, Western gloom hath even to the East
Spread far, where soon to dwell will poetry have ceased.

XXV

How bitterly we shall at last repent,
The day when openèd will be in vain
All eyes to our huge losses, and lament
That, earnestly desiring to refrain
Our hands from further violence insane,
We find of former wealth to meet our view
No single vestige ! But, my soul ! restrain
The idle tear, and breathe the prayer anew :
'Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do.'

MOHAMMED.

'GLORY to Allah, Lord of Heaven and Earth —
Who loves all men, His children, from their birth,
Who casteth down the proud, but raiseth high
The just ; and He will satisfy
Your hearts ; Islam alone has worth.'

'Glory to Allah, who admits no peer !'
Thus spoke Mohammed el Amin, the seer,
A dreamer of strange dreams. Arabia first
Was startled, then aroused, when burst
Th' evangel from his lips austere.

When streams a torrent in a thirsty land
From craggy mountain height to plains of sand,
  Behold ! upsprings a vegetation green
  And dense, the tawny ground to screen :
Palms, aromatic herbs expand,

And sweetest flowers. Where living water flows,
The wilderness will blossom as a rose.
  Thus bloomed Arabia, when the Prophet's word
  As music from above was heard
Of Israfel's psalm grandiose.

And thousands called to mind the ancient lore,
By Hanyf sages treasured long afore,
  And half-remembered legends of the days
  When Abraham, their father's ways
Jehovah guided, He who swore

To be their mighty God, and ne'er depart
From all who served Him with unfeignèd heart ;

Who spared his people from grim Pharaoh's hand,
And gave them in their need a land
All fair and fruitful, where had part

No stubborn worshipper of stones or Djinns.
Thus moved were earnest men to mourn their sins.
But otherwise the warrior youth were fired :
'Twas not the truth, what they desired,
Nor purity of heart that wins

A paradise, by clouded minds ignored ;
Their bliss no meditation could afford,
Save on the pride of conquest and renown,
Or frenzy of the charge, or crown
Of valour with the spoiler's sword.

Alas, Mohammed ! that their flashing eyne
Should dart a subtle poison into thine
Own soul, in streams magnetic, and destroy
Thy heart, now lost to heavenly joy,
No longer for the flame divine

An altar meet, but lurid by the might
Of Eblis, the arch-enemy, despite
  Thine angel guardian, Gabriel, for all
  He strove unto the last, to call
Thy spirit to celestial light.

Alas, Mohammed ! ay, that, from the day
They crownèd thee a conqueror, away
  Did pass thy saintliness ; thy hands were red
  In war against the Christ, Who bled
For thee,—the Christ, Who stands for aye
The supreme Truth, and Life, and Way.

PASSING IMPRESSIONS.

SONNET.

GREAT-HEARTED one! lady, who canst rejoice
With all rejoicing, weep with all who weep!
Alas! I hear a stern prophetic voice
Say loud within me: 'Fool! arise from sleep;

'Of pleasure's sparkling opiate far too deep
Already thou hast quaffed; but now shall end
Thy day-dreams, and with rough awakening. Reap
Henceforth but tear-sown harvests.' Who will bend

The avenging bow, what cruel arrow rend
My heart? I ween not. This one thing I know,
That, where the God-sprung rills of pity flow,

There is profound relief.—Lady! befriend
Me in my darkest hour. May I but go
To crave *thy* tears, what dread I here below!

WALTZ,

IN A BALL-ROOM, BUILT LIKE A GREEK TEMPLE.

Sie nahen, sie kommen, die himmlischen alle.—SCHILLER.

HAIL, Genius of Hellas, all glowing and bright !
Inspired by thee, may we dance through the night ;
As, swayed by the power of the music we love,
Our rapture will draw down the gods from above.
Like planets aloft in the infinite blue,
Before them we glide ; they rejoice in our view.

They are nigh, they are come, the immortals appear
To all who have known them, to all who revere.
They are nigh, they are come, the immortals are here.

As ever more rapid we circle the floor,
Our recent companions I see them no more ;
But 'tween the acanthus-crowned columns behold !
The white flowing garments embroidered with gold !
The Virgins of Castaly's fountain advance,
Apollo's own choir, and they sing to our dance.

> They are nigh, they are come, the immortals appear
> To all who have known them, to all who revere.
> They are nigh, they are come, the immortals are here.

The splendour aloft for our view is too bright ;
Olympians are floating in rivers of light ;
And cloud-driving Zeus from the height of his throne
Smiles gravely upon us ; our joys are his own.
But Eros, whose power there is none to withstand,
'Tis he who compels all the heavenly band.

They are nigh, they are come, the immortals appear
To all who have known them, to all who revere.
They are nigh, they are come, the immortals are here.

LINES AFTER A BALL.

MAIDEN with the glancing eyes !
Alas ! they would not be
Thine eyes, but darts to agonise,
Could they but smile on me.

Maiden with the star-sweet eyes !
Oh were it mine to see
Thine eyes, the joy of far-off skies,
Beam sweetly down on me !

Maiden with the deep sad eyes !
Would Heaven that they might be,
Thine eyes, once sad in angel-wise,
One moment sad for me !

TRANSLATIONS.

HYMN TO THE GRACES,

FROM THE GREEK ATTRIBUTED TO ORPHEUS.

HEARKEN to me, Charites! O renowned and resplendent with honour,
Daughters of mightiest Zeus and of Eurynomà the deep-bosomed!
Aglaè list, and Thalia, with Euphrosynè many-smiling,
Authors of gladness, benignant, the wisest and purest of maidens,
Ever renewing your charms, ever blooming, delightful to mortals.
For what avail were the swiftest darts of the sun, or the moonbeams,
Ay, or, without you, the glories of wisdom and all-daring virtue,

Even the strength of youth, to awaken sweet life in
the nations?
Come then, adored ones, entwining your arms, more
lovely than roses,
Hasten to crown our desires, to your votaries ever
propitious.

TRANSFORMATIONS,

FROM THE GREEK ATTRIBUTED TO ANACREON.

FAIR Niobe into marble
Was changed nigh Phrygian waters ;
And, lo ! flew out bewailing,
As birds, Pandion's daughters.

But I would be *her* mirror,
For alway she 'd behold me ;
Or else I 'd be a tunic
Around her charms to fold me.
Nay let me fall, as water,
To bathe her from the ewer ;
Or yield, as nard, a perfume,
And fragrantly bedew her.
And, ah ! upon her bosom,
Pearl-lace could she possess me,
Or, 'neath her foot, a sandle,
How sweetly she would press me !

SONNET,

FROM THE SPANISH OF DON PEDRO TELLEZ GIRON, DUKE OF OSUNA.[1]

OH ! were the hours of happiness but lasting,
Lasting as are the long-drawn hours of pain !
Oh ! as the sunny hours to untimely blasting,
Could dark ones hurry, and their end attain !

Oh ! could the time of evil but refrain
To rack a moment, or in aught be sparing !
Or, if to supplicate relief be vain,
Were there at least no torture past all bearing !

Oh ! were the anguish meted to the daring
Or strength of him that suffereth ; at least
With pain so might endurance be increased !

Or, be there no escape from evil-faring,
Would that each ill that poisoned life forbore
To be the herald of a thousand more !

[1] Sixteenth century

THE BUTTERFLIES,

FROM THE FRENCH OF THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

THE butterflies, lo ! with their wings all ashine
Have risen in companies rare.
O butterflies ! when, ah ! when will it be mine
To take the blue way of the air ?

Thou knowest, O fairest of fair ones, my own,
My houri with black eyes that glow !
Their wings could they give me, who pine all alone,
Thou well knowest whither I 'd go.

Nor lily nor rose would I linger to greet ;
Through valley and forest I'd fly,
Nor rest till I lit on thy lips honey-sweet,
There, flower of my heart, would I die !

AT THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL,

[Wechselllied zum Tanze.]

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

The Indifferent Ones.

COME, O my Beauty! with me to the dances;
Dancing is due to the holiday feast.
Sweethearts or no, that we be there are chances.
Well! and if never, why, dance we at least!
Come then, my Beauty! with me to the dances;
Dancing 's the glory of holiday feast.

The Tender Ones.

Darling! without thee no revel were cheery.
Dearest! without thee no dancing for me.

Dancing without thee for sweetheart how weary !
  Only be mine, and for aye we're in glee.
Darling ! without thee no revel were cheery.
  Dearest ! without thee no dancing for me.

The Indifferent Ones.

Let them be love-sick ; but we must be dancing ;
  Languishing love hath no place at the ball.
Wind we in cadence, retreating, advancing ;
  Others away to the greenwood may crawl.
Let them be love-sick ; but we must be dancing ;
  Languishing love hath no place at the ball.

The Tender Ones.

Leave them a-twirling ; but we, let us wander ;
  Wanderings of love are a heavenly dance.
Cupid is nigh, and can hear them laugh yonder ;
  He will not lose his revenge by mischance.
Leave them a-twirling ; but we, let us wander ;
  Wanderings of love are a heavenly dance.

GOOD-NIGHT,

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.[1]

NIGHT'S silent veil is falling ;
The moon is rising slow,
And, like a shepherd, calling
To fleecy clouds below.
And their melodious greeting
The choir of stars repeating
I hear in placid flow :
Your sleep be still, your peace be true ;
No care of life shall you enthral.
The love of God is over you,
Yea, over all.

[1] For music set to the original by Miss Julia Brainard.

As one by one they vanish
  In gloom, each twinkling light,
So eyelids fall to banish
  All evil from the sight.
And, boughs so gently swaying,
I hear the soft breeze saying :
  Ye tired, rest to-night.
    Your sleep be still, your peace be true ;
    No care of life shall you enthral.
    The love of God is over you,
      Yea, over all.

Good-night, then, all ye weary,
  Belovèd far and near ;
I'll sleep, nor wake up cheery
  Till morn's bright star appear,
While nightingales, they only,
Still praise in thicket lonely
  The Lord, who holds us dear.

Your sleep be still, your peace be true
No care of life shall you enthral.
The love of God is over you,
    Yea, over all.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMANUEL GEIBEL.

I AM the rose, whose crimson hue
Adorneth perfumed bowers;
And thou, O Love! art kindly dew
That nourisheth the flowers.

I am the jewel, once so dark,
When sought in deep recesses;
But thou a sunbeam; many a spark
I yield to thy caresses.

I am the alabaster cup,
Whose rim the king's lip brushes;
Thou ruby wine, that filleth up
Its whiteness, and it blushes.

I am the cloud-rack, wild and grey,
  That heaven from earth is hiding ;
But thou a rainbow's rich display,
  That over me is gliding.

I am old Memnon, mute and dead,
  In nightly gloom forsaken ;
But music thou, as morning red,
  Within me canst awaken.

I am the earthly pilgrim, Man,
  Whose wandering is so dreary ;
But thou God's angel, one that can
  Refresh me tired and weary.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE [1]

WHEN thy blue eyes are beaming
Beaming so dear on me,
I know not if I am but dreaming :
I can not speak to thee.

When, thy blue eyes adoring,
I think on all thou art,
An ocean of mem'ry comes pouring
In blue waves over my heart.

[1] For music set to the original by His Exᶜʸ. Sir Horace Rumbold, and published by Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84 New Bond Street.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.[1]

HAST thou chanced to pass so near me that thy
robe hath touchèd me,
Oh! my heart o'erflows; I follow, and so madly,
after thee.
Then turnest thou to cast on me thy large eyes
opened wide,
And my heart is so affrighted that I shrink back from
thy side.

[1] For music set to the original by His Excy. Sir Horace Rumbold, and published by Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84 New Bond Street.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KÈVLAAR.[1]

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

I

AT a window stood the mother;
In bed her poor son lay.
'What, William, not up yet, lad,
To see the Procession to-day?'

[1] To *Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar* Heine appended the following note:—

'The materials of this poem are not quite my own property. It sprang from reminiscences of my old Rhenish home.—When I was a small boy, and first went to school at the Franciscan Convent at Düsseldorf, where I learnt my letters and to sit still, I was often seated next to another boy, who always told me: how his mother had once taken him with her to Kevlaar (the accent is on the first syllable, and the place itself is in the country about Gelder), how she had offered there a wax foot for him, and how his own bad foot had been healed thereby. I again came across that boy in the highest class of the *Gymnasium*, and, when we found ourselves sitting beside each other at the *Philosophen-Kollegium* under Rector Schallmeyer, he laughingly reminded me of that miracle-story, but he, however, added some-

'I feel so ill, dear mother,
That I hear and see no more.
For Margaret lies in the churchyard,
And my heart, it paineth me sore.'

'Come, rise; we 'll to Kèvlaar journey;
Thy prayer-book and rosary take.
The Mother of God shall heal thee;
Thy heart right well she'll make.'

Lo! flutter the Church's banners,
And loud is the Church's song.
'Tis at Cologne on the Rhine's bank,
The Procession that's passing along.

what seriously: that he now would offer to the Mother of God a wax heart. I heard later that he was at the time unhappy in love, and at length he went quite out of my sight and mind.—In the year 1819, when I was studying at Bonn, and one day went for a walk in the neighbourhood of Godesberg on the Rhine, I heard in the distance the well-known Kevlaar hymns, the most remarkable of which has the oft-repeated burden: "Blessèd be thou, Marie!" And, when the Procession came nearer, I noticed among the pilgrims my schoolfellow with his old mother. She was leading him, and he looked very pale and ill.'

The son, on the arm of his mother,
  In the pilgrim crowd you see ;
They both sing in the chorus :
  'Blessèd be thou, Marie !'

II

The Mother of God at Kèvlaar
  Hath donned her best attire ;
She hath much on her hands this morning,
  So many her help require.

The poor sick folk, they bring her,
  In lieu of offerings grand,
Wee limbs made of wax, they've modelled,
  Many a waxen foot and hand.

And whoever a wax foot offers,
  Of his foot is healèd the pain ;
And whoever hath brought a wax hand,
  Hath his own made whole again.

To Kèvlaar went on crutches,
  Who now dance blythe on the rope ;
And many a one fiddles bravely,
  Who could never a finger ope.

The mother had melted a taper,
  And fashioned therefrom a heart.
'Take this to the Mother of God, love,
  And thy pain will all depart.'

Deeply sighing, her son took the wax heart,
  And sighed all along the road ;
The tears from his eyes were streaming,
  As the words from his own heart flowed :

'O thou most highly favoured,
  God's hand-maid pure as snow,
Thou glorious Queen of Heaven,
  Have compassion for my woe !

'I dwelt with my dear mother
  In Cologne, in the city fair,
The city with many a hundred
  Of churches and chapels rare.

'And hard by us lived Marg'ret,
  But now she lives no more . . .
Marie, a wax heart I bring thee;
  Heal thou my own heart's sore.

'Ah! heal my heart so wounded,
  And early and late thou shalt see
How fervent will be my singing:
  "Blessèd be thou, Marie!"'

III

The poor sick youth and his mother
  In their little chamber slept;
Therein the Mother of God came,
  And oh! how lightly she stepped!

She stayed to bend herself over
  The sufferer's couch, and to lay
Her hand on his heart so softly ;
  And she smiled, then vanished away.

The mother saw that in her dreaming,
  All that in her dreaming sweet ;
And then she awoke from her slumber,
  The dogs barked so loud in the street.

There so quiet her son was lying,
  And stiff, for ah ! he was dead ;
On his pallid cheek was playing
  The glow of the morning red.

The mother her hands clasped together,
  Though as lightning-struck felt she,
And calm, quite calm, sang devoutly :
  'Blessèd be thou, Marie !'

Spottiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London.

[illegible] the most varied sources, and some of [illegible] recent publications. The argument [illegible] always interesting, and at times amusing [illegible] personal preferences of the author [illegible] taking its place among the [illegible] suggested by, the Boyle Foundation [illegible] Mr. Scott [illegible] justifies his following in Martineau's footsteps by [illegible] the controversy regarding Dualism of Monism [illegible] and Curtius' noble passage on the ethical signi[illegible]'

JOHN BULL, December 29th, 1877.

'The [illegible] principles, the calmness of his judgment, and the reverence [illegible] every page of his small volume, are hopeful [illegible] as well as ground for satisfaction with the present [illegible] which we have read with much interest and in which we [illegible] most part, fully agree.'

JEWISH WORLD, November 14th, 1879.

'We have read with very great interest the sketches which he gives us of progress in Turanian Asia, in Egypt, in Hellas, at Rome and in Israel. Mr. Scott's [illegible] and references will be found very valuable by the student.'

CHURCH WORK, October, 1878.

'The authorities quoted are for the most part of more recent date than Mr. Martineau's work which was published some thirty years ago; and Mr. Scott hopes to interest his readers by enabling them to see, at little cost of time, how the fruitful historical researches and speculations of the last quarter century have served to increase the value of the professor's views both as a historian and as a metaphysician. . . . Mr. Scott's position, which he supports by copious references to the works of Thomas Carlyle, Jukes, Max Müller, Ruskin, Deutsch and many other modern authorities, declares him to be at once a sound Catholic, while yet he shrinks not from accepting the latest advances which the science of religion has promulgated. . . . While recognising some element of truth even in Comtism, our author successfully disposes of the notion that the more barbarous the condition of society, the more men were under the empire of religion, and the faster they have progressed in civilisation the more they have become emancipated from allegiance to invisible powers and their visible representatives; and he shows on the contrary, by instancing the progress of religion in Asia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, India, and even Israel, that the further back one is able to trace the various branches of the human race the more does the religious element in men's lives appear not only of coarse quality but in diminished quantity.'

LIVERPOOL WEEKLY ALBION, February 2nd, 1878.

'The gradual development of the religious perception in man is extremely well pourtrayed. . . . This thesis is powerfully maintained by a thorough inquiry into the history of civilisation in Turanian Asia, Egypt, Hellas, Rome, and Palestine.'

WORCESTER HERALD, August 10th, 1878.

'This is a remarkable book. It contains in small compass the results of a wide range of reading on the philosophy of history. But it is not a mere abstract or analysis of other people's opinions. In discussing the profound and abstruse questions which belong to the study of the history of religion, the writer brings a keenness and acuteness of insight to his task which mark him as one capable of handling these difficult questions. He is generally, if not always, accurate and scholarly; his style is lively and expressive.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place.